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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A PICTURE.

her when the blushing morn was young,
as the maiden flowers of spring;
she was a fair-like beauty in her eye,
evenly soothed softness in her sigh;
in her neck the waving tresses hung;
and her smile a thousand beauties clung,
simply yet peeping 'neath the rose;
brow just shaded with her locks of gold,
from where young hope had built her nest;
in all foolish, and a mind at rest;
art that knew to conquer friends or foes;
by the young and honored by the old;
and to virtue, living but to bless;
and by power, yet melted by distress.

W. F. MARVIN.

A PARADOX.

On what on earth so much of bliss,
To man below, can prove,
As beauty's pure impassion'd kiss,—
The luxury of love;
To sigh on lips that never knew
Till then the bliss they bore—
To feel the heart, that but for you,
Had never thril'd before.
And what on earth so bright to man
As beauty, stands confess;
When all the virtues he may scan
In her benignant breast;
When her kind heart can feel for woe,
And balm and biles reveal,
Or bid the tears of sorrow flow,
Where human cannot heal.
But oh, when woman dares rebel
Against her w'st charms,
Her heavenly heart becomes a hell,
Desolation in her arms;
The drops of poisonous Upas drip
From her tempestuous tongue;
With vengeful curse, her red lip
Is hideously hung.

More dreadful than man she yields
The dagger of despair,
And in her frenzy never yields
To pity or to prayer;
She leaps the barrier, and begins
Where man stays his career,—
She takes the first step, and she sins
In spite of fate or fear.

How inconsistent nature seems:
Woman our bane or balm,
The terms to make, in strange extremes,
A lioness or lamb;
When good she seems an angel quite,
Best bliss of all we see,
When bad the demon of the night—
The reckless foe of man.

MILFORD BARD.

DUETTO.

AIR.—"Ceuse rude Boreas!"

ALONZO.

Not too late, if both be willing,
Not too late, if both agree,
Ah! the hope is through me thrilling,
That happy days we yet shall see!

CONA.

Storms and bubbles of the ocean,
Cannot last forever—more;
Calmness yet may be our portion—
Gentle winds waft us ashore.

LIONEL.

ELEGY.

Upon the death of nine Rats!

mourn for husbands! mourn for fallen sires!

we weeping mothers, mourn an offspring's ery,

oh, ye sisters! let the kindling fires

grieve, diffuse with burning tears, each eye!

the toy, they lived—and once partook of joy's

bright flowing stream of pleasure, too, as deep;

now they live alone where memory's sighs

Per daughter'd friends, their lonely vigils keep!

in deadly nine, O! mourn your fellow falls!

or ofat midnight's deep and silent reign,

and the cupboard, or the pantry wall,

the cracking hinge, was heard their lively strain.

ye, fond mothers, that with tender care,

Per smiling offspring bend, with anxious eye;

For the tear of bitter sorrow, there,

For them hath found its solitary way;

burn? for to know the agonies that haunt

The wak'd mothers of mortal themes—

Others—how fatal! did their darlings wait,

Not kennet terrors could preserve the cream,

and thou destroyer? when life's parting gasp,

convulsive, shudder'd, on its trembling base,

soothng pity ne'er thy bosom clasped?

For soft compassion melt to tenderness?

shape, among the victims, there was one

know'd amid his circle, now—of grief—

know'd for wisdom, (some are, oft, for fun,

for love of virtue, and for love of—beet!

the hoary head, now resting in the grave,

that, in wedlock, with a fellow join'd;

train'd the paw that should indulge crave,

and planted honest maxims in the mind!

then art gone! and since no more the song,

Evening song, shall greet Grimakin's ery,

if bid when—accept my inky tears!

SENEX.

There's beauty in the air;

The tw light morning dews arise,

To form the drapery of the skies;

There, tinged with rainbow hues, unfurled,

Are hung the curtains of the world!

Enlarge thy mind! extend thy view

To thy bright canopy of blue!

What glories burst upon thy sight!

All other seems a sea of light!

Beyond that canopy's concealed

Celestial beauties, unrevealed.

There's beauty in the air.

There's music in the air:
Hark! hear those peals of thunder roll!
Such notes, majestic, strike my soul!
All nature smiles—the shower is o'er,
The birds their cords about once more;
The gentle nephys wave the trees,
And music whispers in the breeze.

There's such wild music in the strain—
Speak, Lady! and I'll list again:

When tell-tale echo mimic's thee,

The air itself is harmony—
And music's in the air.

There's quiet there.
A deep and mystic silence reigns;
In those still domains:

The stars their vigil seem to keep

O'er Nature's calm and quiet sleep;

The stormy winds have sought their rest

On Ocean's calm, unruffled breast;

The viewless spirits of the air,

Methinks' have re-assembled there.

Thus, upward as I fix my gaze,

Express silence muse His praise,

For God is there.

REMONT.

THE GLORY OF THE GOSPEL.

In the Gospel is embodied an exalted science: immensely different from the cold, speculative systems of philosophy, which although they sometimes amuse the head, have no connection with the heart; the doctrines involved in this science are all practical, divinely efficacious on the character, and means, at the same time, of expanding, ennobling, and purifying the soul. At every step as you advance to this knowledge, it will make you not only more learned, but more virtuous, and more useful. Every step, also, will be step of delight. Here, and here only, truth outruns all the efforts of fiction, beauty, sublimity, and glory. Whatever is great to the eye of imagination, whatever is grateful to the feelings of the heart, is found here, in degrees, the mind is not merely delighted but enraptured; which cannot be limited to the pursuit of this, truth is not merely elevated, but exalted; does not merely look on, but, while gazing on the world, with a smile of contempt, the noise, too, hissing, roaring, and dashing—all pressing on the mind at once—presented the most awful, grand, and solemn sight, I ever experienced. We were near it about eighteen minutes, and in sight of it two hours. It is evidently a subterranean passage, that leads—the Lord knows where. From its magnitude, I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships, were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says, that several vessels have been sucked down, and that whales have also been destroyed: the first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter. I have thus, Sir, given you a lame but a true account.

A FRAGMENT.

Follow him, if you have a heart to do it, as he staggers along now and then licking the ground, till he reaches his once peaceful home. "He's coming!" cry the little innocents, as they look through the window—but it is not the cry of joy that welcomes the parent as he approaches his tender family—ah, no!" is the cry of fear—of horror. See them flee from him as from a monster—look at the brokenhearted mother, as she takes up her affrighted boy and bathes him in tears—"Ah!" says she to her children, "your father once loved you—once he loved me—he was a kind husband and a provident parent; but we are now forsaken; your little tender feel feel the nipping frost; your tattered clothes are falling from you, and I have no new ones to give, you are hungry, but I have no bread for you; the necessities of life your father was wont to bring home to cheer our hearts, are now changed for the bottle, which some demon had furnished him with, perhaps as a reward for his day's labor. O cruel employers! come and befriend the fruits of your iniquity; see the miseries entailed upon the wretched mother, and the worse than fatherless children, by your thirst of gain! Let the imagination supply the remaining part of the awful picture.

ADMIRAL KANARIS.

The following portrait of Kanaris forms one of the Sketches in "How's a Greek Revolution?"—We are prepared by it, in a degree, for the extraordinary adventures which have made his name a sort of trumpet-call for the brave and extraordinary of our age. There is nothing in the tale of other days worthier of poetry, or statuary, or history, than what we have known to have been achieved by this mild, quiet, unpretending warrior-Greek.

"He is by birth an Icaroite, and hitherto been known only by those immediately about him, who loved him for his mildness and goodness of heart, and respected him for his sterling integrity. No one could ever divine the character of Kanaris from his personal appearance. He is about thirty-four years of age, of low stature, slender but well made; and his mild and interesting countenance beakspares rather feminine goodness of heart, than what he really possesses—a mind that knows no fear. He appears insensible to danger; and his resolutions, which might be easily altered by persuasion, are made stubborn by open opposition, and fresh obstacles are to him only inducements to fresh exertions."

There's y poets, and novel-writers, and play-builders—there is a ready-made hero for you, such as the best of you never dreamt of. Instead of a being, full six feet high without his shoes, you have a man of a "low stature." Instead of a robust, broad-shouldered, and broad-chested fellow, with huge calves to his legs, and a right arm like a steeple, you find him "slender and well made"—nothing more. Instead of a pile of trowsers and sinews, with head like a bull's buffalo, you have a little man, with a mild and interesting countenance, which beakspares rather feminine goodness of heart than what he really possesses—a mind that knows no fear." Think of that—noolides that ye are. But one among the whole tribe of you ever appeared to imagine it possible for a great man to be less than six feet high; nor was that one ever able to imagine a hero without a gloomy forehead, a haughty mouth, fierce black hair, and most unearthly whiskers—to say nothing of his martial step and warlike eye.

"He sailed for the straits of Scio in company with a Hydriote vessel. On arriving in the neighborhood of Scio, he fell in company with some of the Turkish lookout vessels, but by an artful maneuver he completely deceived them, and made them believe his vessel was merely a merchantman bound to Smyrna. As soon as it was dark, Kanaris stood awfully bold for the mouth of the straits, in which lay the Captain Pashaw's fleet; when about to enter the Gulf, the Hydriote Captain hailed him, and begged him not to enter, since, should the wind remain in the same quarter, they must certainly be lost, if they failed in their daring plan. Kanaris, however, persuaded him the wind would change, and ran boldly in. Here new difficulties awaited him.—His crew began to feel those fears which their situation naturally inspired; they were getting enclosed by the land on both sides; the wind was ast; and they were driving down upon the Turkish frigates, and line-of-battle ships, whose situation began to be known by the long line of lights that stretched across the Gulf, without a possibility of returning. The sailors were refractory, and unwilling to go on; but this was the moment for a spirit like that of Kanaris to

blaze; for the modest retiring man became the hero, and his pony figure seemed to grow in height, as he said to the murmurers, "you came hither voluntarily; the ship shall go on, and you shall go with her or jump overboard." They were silenced, and the vessel rapidly approached the lights.

"The first they could distinguish were several Turkish frigates; but those were too ignoble a prey; Kanaris had come to revenge the blood of Scio; and nothing but the blood of the leader of the barbarians could atone for it; the moon shone clear, he was in the middle of the Turkish fleet; which, securely anchored, dreamed not of the danger; and he could see on the other side the huge ship of the Captain Pashaw. Altering then his course, Kanaris bore down upon her, and was soon within hail. "Keep away! keep away!" cried the Turkish guard, still the fire ship came on—when the wild cry of Brulotta, Brulotta! apprised Kanaris he was known. That dreadful cry aroused the sleeping Turks, and hundreds of them rushed to the deck in confusion; they began to fire; but still the strange sail rapidly approached them; all Kanaris' men were crouched behind the bulwarks and sheltered, he alone stood up, and strong in his terrible resolution, steered his vessel full on the Pashaw's ship, regardless of the shot that began to whistle around him. In a few minutes his bow struck her side with a terrible shock, and entangled. Instantly the boat was lowered; every Greek sailor jumped into it; and Kanaris himself, after crying out "Kanaris sisin," touched the train, and following his men, they pulled rapidly away. The train, communicating with the combustibles, they fired in one broad blaze, which instantly began to envelope the Turkish ship, where ensued a scene of horror and confusion, among the two hundred persons on board, more easily imagined than described. Nothing could be done on the crowded and choked up decks to separate the vessels; orders could not be heard, nor, if heard, obeyed; and the Greeks could only distinguish, amid the wild uproar of voices, the agonizing shrieks of the timid, who leaped overboard in despair. The rats and cordage were all in a blaze, and the fire dropping on the deck lit up every thing there. The boats were lowered, but instantly staved or sunk; while the noise, too, hissing, roaring, and dashing—all pressing on the mind at once—presented the most awful, grand, and solemn sight, I ever experienced. We were near it about eighteen minutes, and in sight of it two hours. It is evidently a subterranean passage, that leads—the Lord knows where. From its magnitude, I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships, were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says, that several vessels have been sucked down, and that whales have also been destroyed: the first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter. I have thus, Sir, given you a lame but a true account.

We began to near it about 10, A. M. in the month of September, with a fine trading wind at north west. Two good seamen were placed at the helm—the mate on the quarter deck, and all hands at their stations for working ship, and the pilot standing on the bowsprit between the night and

port of commerce. Its latitude and longitude I do not exactly recollect. It is situated between two islands belonging to a group, off the coast of Norway, called the Lovistad Islands. Between Drontheim, (being the most northern port of commerce) and the north cap, I suppose the latitude to be about 69° north; but will not be certain. I had occasion some time since to navigate a ship from the north cap to Drontheim, nearly all the way between the islands or rocks and the main. On inquiring of my Norway pilot about the practicability of running the whirlpool, he told me that with a good breeze it could be approached without danger. I at once determined to satisfy myself.

We began to near it about 10, A. M. in the month of September, with a fine trading wind at north west. Two good seamen were placed at the helm—the mate on the quarter deck, and all hands at their stations for working ship, and the pilot standing on the bowsprit between the night and

the day. The wind thus yielded to the vigorous touch of time. We seek an answer amid the wrecks of Palmyra, Babylonia, and Jerusalem. Behold the day of God has fallen—through her torturing tempests and ruined battlements the shade-born banner of the dead has made his lair in the regions of the Navigating. The musing traveler wanders, searching for the splendid temple of Solomon, whose crumbling columns are beneath his feet; the blithe imagery is pictured in the landscape of imagination, but the glory of the world has departed forever. O, where are the millions once active, hasting who inhabited the once city, and whose voices once made the temple vocal with the songs of praise? Also, they are lost amid the undistinguishable wrecks of time. Their bones are bleaching on their native hills, even more desolate than their once celebrated city.

Time, like death, is an impartial conqueror.

The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike.

He hath uprooted the firm foundations of greatness and grandeur, nor less hath he desecrated the gardens of oriental genius.

Methinks I see him pointing with triumph to the tottering temples of Greece, and smiting at the ruins of Athens and Sparta, the homes of that illustrious philosopher who gave learning to the imperial court of Philip, and where Solon and Lycurgus gave laws to the world.

But these cities are in ruin; their philosophies are dumb in death: the Academy, the Porch, and the Lyceum no longer resound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno, and their illustrious competitors. Their fame alone has survived the general wreck.

From the mechanism of man. Go and read another example in the fate of Gordian Troy. Such was for the palace of Priam, once illuminated with the radiance of the bold though beautiful Helen, by whom Sparta fought and Troy fell. Also, those palace halls are silent, and the towers of Ilios lie level with the dust. Old Priam hath long since departed from the earth, and the graves of Paris and his paramour are unknown. The mighty Homeric, son, the brave antagonist of Achilles, is no more. The glory of the name of Priam hath departed forever. The invaders and the invaded sleep together in the common sepulchre of time, and their deeds live only in the tale of Homer's song.

Such are a few instances of the ravages of time. Nor less hath our own loved land been the scene of desolation. Here may be seen the ruins of an Indian empire, more extended than the empires of the east; and though they were the children of the forest, and though they left no monuments of sculpture, painting and poetry, yet great were they in their fall, and sorrowful is the history of their wrongs. They once had a home, but where are they? They are swept from the face of the earth. They had their temple of the sun, but the sanctuary is broken down, and the bones of the defied luminary extirpated. It is true they worshipped the Great Spirit and the terrors of storm and darkness—the sacred pages of revelation had never been revealed to them—the gospel of the Saviour had never sounded in the ears of the poor children of the forest. They heard the voice of their God in the morning breeze; they saw him in the dark cloud that rose in wrath from the west; they were acknowledged his universal beneficence in the setting sun as he looked in his burning orb. Here another race once lived and loved—here, along those shores, the censel-fires blazed, and the war-whoop echoed among their native hills—Here the dark-browed Indian, once bathed his manly limbs in the river, and his light canoe was open to glide over his own loved lakes. Centuries passed away, and they still roved the undivided masters of the western world. But at length a pilgrim bark, deep freighted from the east, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light—they fled. With slow and solitary steps they took up their mournful march to the west, and yielded with broken heart their native hills to another race. They left their homes and the graves of their fathers to explore a western wood, where no human foot had ever trod, and no human eye ever penetrated. From time to time they have been driven back, and the next remove will be to the bottom of the stormy Pacific. Unhappy children! the tear of pity has been shed over your wrongs and your sorrows. What bosom but beats with sympathy over the mournful story of their woes. As a race of men they are fast fading from the face of the earth, and are many centuries shall have passed, when they will have swept from the annals of ages. Ere long the last wave of the west will roll over them, and their only gods only live in the traditions they shall have left behind them. The march of man hath been to them the march to the grave. Every age they have rapidly declined, and a lingering remnant is now left to sigh over the ruins of their empire and the memory of their brave progenitors. The golden heron now waves over the tombs of their fallen fathers, and the forest that once echoed to the war-dance is now covered with the rising city. Where the wigwam once stood, the tall temple, dedicated to God, now glitter in the setting sun; and the river, usurped by the Indian canoe, is now white with the gulls of commerce. And when they shall have passed away, when the last Indian shall have stood upon his native hill in the west, and shall have worshipped the setting sun for the last time, perhaps some youth may rove to the green mound of Indian sepulture, and ask now what the poor, scatter'd bones they were.

Now must his heart throb with anguish, when he comes on the ruins of his race, and the melancholy destiny of his children. The ploughshare hath passed over the bones of his ancestors, and they sleep in the land of strangers and of the conquerors of their dying race. Methinks I see the stately Indian, as he bends from the brow of the mighty mountain, and surveys with a swelling heart the once extended limits of the Indian empire. The grief of years is in his soul, and his bonds his knees in much subjection before the Great Spirit in the clouds. Unhappy child!—my soul mourns over the ruined hopes of your fading race.

MILFORD BARD.

A correspondent of the *New-York American* has extracted, from the Register for 1829, the following particulars in relation to the present condition of the Navy:

There are, at the time, thirty-five CAPTAINS,

25
From Maine, 1 From Maryland, 7
Massachusetts, 1 Virginia, 1
Connecticut, 4 Delaware, 1
New York, 11 England, 1
New Jersey, 3 Ireland, 1
Pennsylvania, 4
26
The number of MARINE COMMANDANTS, is thirty-three—of whom there are:

From Maine, 1 From Maryland, 3
New Hampshire, 1 Virginia, 10
Massachusetts, 1 South Carolina, 4
Rhode Island, 1 Louisiana, 1
Connecticut, 1 England, 1
New York, 3
New Jersey, 3
Pennsylvania, 4
27
The number of Lieutenants is:

Surgeons, 48
Assistant Surgeons, 24
Purser, 41
Chaplains, 1
Purser's assistants, 31
Midshipmen, 436
Sailing Masters, 20
28
The MARINE CORPS consists of:

Lieut. Col. Compt. 1
Captain, 9
1st Lieutenants, 24
2d Lieutenants, 13
29
There are about seven ships of the line, rating 74 guns each, all of which are hauled up in ordinary, except the Delaware, (on the Mediterranean station). They are, the

Independence, at the Navy Yard, Boston.
Franklin, 60
Constitution, 64
Columbia, 60
Ohio, 50
North Carolina, 40
30
Of Frigates of the first class, each rating 44 guns, there are seven, viz:

United States, at the Navy Yard, New York
Constitution, in the Pacific
Greece, in the Mediterranean
Java, at the Navy Yard, Washington
Pomone, in the Pacific
Hannibal, Coast of Brazil.

Of Frigates of the second class, rating each 36 guns, there are four, viz:

Washington, Norfolk
Cyane, Norfolk
Diana, New York
31
To the West Indies.

Of sloops of war, each rating 18 guns, except the two first, each of which rate 24, there are six, viz:

John Adams, at the Navy Yard, Norfolk
Cormorant, Philadelphia
Diana, New York
32
To the West Indies.

Of schooners sailing on the Navy Yard for the Southern Polar Expedition.

Boston, on the Coast of Brazil.

Lexington, in the Mediterranean.

Victoria, in the Mediterranean.

Wren, in the West Indies.

Wasp, in the Mediterranean.

Wasp, on the Coast of Brazil.

Monk, in the Pacific.

Concord, being sent out of Portsmouth.

Of schooners, rating each 12 guns, there are

two, viz:

In the Pacific.
West India.
Mediterranean.
Africa.
Asia.
Asia.
Philadelphia.
33
The whole number of vessels is thirty-eight; of which 21 are in commission, and the remaining seventeen in ordinary.

Besides those, there are on the stocks, building or finished, but not yet launched, at the Navy Yard of:

1 ship of the line and 1 frigate
Portsmouth, 6
Charleston, 1
Philadelphia, 1
Washington, 1
Cognac, 1
1
3 ships of the line, and 8 frigates.

The wages of the Fleet Officers of the Navy, who have been supplied for and received the pay under the Act for the relief of certain surviving officers and soldiers of the Army of the Revolution, passed at the last session of Congress:

New York
Cape North, Colonel, 1
Hodgkin Haynes, Major, 1
John Armstrong, do, 1
Samuel Finley, do, 1
Charles Pelham, do, 1
John W. C. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel, 1
John D. Deane, Major, 1
William Barton, Colonel, 1
David L. Lyman, Major, 1
James W. L. Collier, Lieutenant-Colonel, 1
John S. Decatur, Major, 1
William Park, do, 1
Wm. D. Neal, do, 1
James Carr, do, 1
Richard Pratt, do, 1
Navy Line, 1
N. Hampshire, 1
New York Line, 1
John T. Jones, Major, 1
John Horrabin, Major, 1
Nathaniel Rice, do, 1
Heavy Dusborough, Lieutenant-Colonel, 1
N. Hampshire, 1

LATE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE,

By recent arrivals at New York.

Intelligence was received from Bucharest on the 27th October, that Calafat had been evacuated suddenly by the Turks, who had retired to Widin.

The Russians were bombarding Widdin on the 2d round of November, and had destroyed two Moques, and set fire to the fish-market.

The three Ambassadors remained at Portor, negotiating with Capo d'Istria. It was believed that Greece would be made entirely independent, and the fortifications in the Morea given up to the Greeks.

The French papers say that a system of permanent peace seems to prevail to a great extent at this moment in the Netherlands. For some time the journals of that country have been chiefly filled with reports and articles relative to actions brought against the editors of journals.

A Commission will be sent from France to explore the Morea, consisting of an architect, a naturalist, and an antiquary.

The ravages of the fever at Gibraltar still continued. The latest dates are to the 11th November.

The weather had been favourable for checking the fever the last few days, and there was a decrease in the number of deaths. The Governor, Gen. Don, had been attacked on the 10th, the number in the hospital was 618—new cases of fever were daily increasing.

The Russians will continue to occupy a line beyond the Danube, from Varna to Silistra, and in that position wait for the ensuing campaign.

Bazardjik is fortifying for that purpose.

The Russians will continue to occupy a line beyond the Danube, from Varna to Silistra, and in that position wait for the ensuing campaign.

The letters from Odessa, announce the arrival of several transports with sick and wounded from the Russian army. The merchants and inhabitants were most anxious for the restoration of Peace with the Porte.

It was reported at Vienna that disorders had manifested themselves among the troops of Count Wittenstein's army; they are attributed to the heavy rains which have fallen in the countries on the Danube, and the bad quality of the provisions.

The loss of the Egyptian 74, on the 24th September, is estimated at one million of piastres, having on board 300 brass cannon, and several hundred horses from the Morea.

Extract of a letter dated Constantinople, Oct. 29.—The Grand Vizier, Mehmed Selim Pacha, accused of not having acted with all the energy necessary for delivering Varna, has been deposed and exiled to Gallipoli. His successor is the brave defender of Varna, Izet Mehemed Pacha formerly Captain Pacha, to whom have also been delivered the treasures, jewels, and equipage of the banished Vizier. Jousouf Pacha, whose treachery the Sultan considers as having chiefly contributed to the fall of Varna, has been declared as suspect, and his possessions in Macedonia confiscated to the treasury. The armaments are now continued with more activity than ever; provisions and artillery are continually leaving that for the army. Troops, chiefly cavalry, are arriving daily from Asia; they make but a short stay in the capital. Amongst them number is the famous Ischapan Oglou, one of the most powerful Boys of Antolia; he was accompanied by several thousand horsemen. Several vessels arrived last week from the Black Sea, charged by permission of the Russian Government, with victuals, grain excepted. A sum as the Porte learned this circumstance, it declared that, on its part, the rigour of the laws for the close of the Black Sea should be relaxed, and that the entrance of the Black Sea should be open to as many vessels laden with productions of the South as had entered from Russia. Several Austrian and Sardinian vessels have consequently received permits for this destination.

To judge by the preparations making in Attica and Negropont, Omercaya is preparing to make a vigorous resistance if he should be attacked. He has purchased the whole of the harbors in the vicinity of Athens, and conveyed it to the Acropolis. The works of the citadel are being repaired and increased. The Philologus, which commands it on one side, is fortified and provided with artillery. Four thousand regular troops for the garrison of this citadel, and 6000 irregulars occupies the most important positions in the vicinity. Fort Karabba, which defends the bridge to Negropont on the side of Attica, is being fortified as well as the town of that name, and Karisto. The whole Turkish population of Attica and Eubea is under arms, and expects reinforcements from Western Greece. Lord Cochrane had returned to Poros on board the Mercury steam-boat, which is said to be a very fine vessel. His return has caused universal surprise among the Greeks.

The Empress Mother of Russia died Nov. 4, 1803, at the age of 89 years.

The King of England had experienced a severe attack of gout, which together with the seclusion in which he lies—so removed for an English King—caused a general impression (which the newspapers evince) that his life is precarious. He had, however, so far recovered as to hold a Court at Windsor Castle. The Duke of Clarence—in succession to the throne—was also said to be in very feeble health.

The failure of the Banking House of Messrs. Fry & Chapman, produced a great sensation. At a meeting of their creditors, Nov. 24, many large debts were proved, among which were the following:—The Chichester Bank, £49,000/—; a sum of £49,000/—by a partner in a country firm, whose name was not distinctly heard; the Woodbridge Bank, £92,000/—, and several other, varying from £15 to 100,000/—.

The Empress Mother of Russia died Nov. 4, 1803, at the age of 89 years.

She was the widow of the Emperor Paul, who was assassinated in 1801. Her influence in the Russian Cabinet has always been great.

A Cuckoo in the Navy Office, in London, named Perryman, is missing. The amount of his defalcations has not yet been ascertained. It is rising in amount, and of rather a diminutive figure. He has a sharp intelligent eye, and of good address.

Three or four heavy falls had taken place at Glasgow, which, it was supposed, would cause a short time.

Husk, &c.—Cobbett states that he has received from a paper manufacturer at Guildford, fifty sheets of paper made from the husks of his own corn, which he had only sent off the week before. This he says, is a discovery absolutely without a parallel, and will save the nation a million a year, sent out of it for rags. He says he will cancel the title-pages of his book, which is already printed, for the purpose of having the title-pages printed on paper made out of the husks of corn itself.—*Observer*.

Mr. Price, who had engaged Miss Phillips for three years at \$1 per week, has, it is said, offered to cancel that engagement, and to enter into a new one for five years, at the expiration of which time she will be of age, at 6, 10, 12, 15, and 16, per week.

The celebrated horse, Colonel, has been purchased by the King for 4,000 sovereigns, confirming the general opinion that he is the best horse in England.

The prosecution of that great national work, the Thames Tunnel, has been entirely abandoned. Want of funds is said to be the sole cause of this unfortunate termination to so noble an undertaking.

The Sun says "there is no doubt but that Cobbett will be introduced into Parliament as M. P. for Devonport, next session, by the Earl of Randal." We hope so—he will make glorious sport in the House for a month, and then sit down as a muzzled lurcher."

His Majesty's ship Agilator has arrived from Madeira with the remains of the late Captain Canning. By this conveyance we have accounts to the 29th inclusive. The Island remains in a very convoluted state: the number of Portuguese thrown into prison is great, and still increasing.

Admet Bey, who was high in command of the Moros, is on a visit to France, with some of his officers.

Bell's Weekly Messenger says, "from all the news arrived from those quarters, it appears that the Russians are much more desirous of finishing the campaign than the Turks. In other words, the Russians are more exhausted by getting the victory, such as it is, than the Turks are by losing it."

—An opinion has been already expressed, that the winter will be a season of active negotiation, and that Europe will be enjoying perfect pacification, at least in the North Eastern garrisons, before the return of the next spring."

Treaty of Peace between Naples and Tripoli was signed on the 28th of October, by which it is agreed that all vessels captured since that period shall be given up. This event was brought about by the French Consul and M. Quenel, commander of a French gun brig.

Peace between France and the Dey of Algiers is likely to be established forthwith. According to letters from Toulon, of the 10th, the Dey had sent despatches to the commander of the blocking squadron, containing proposals for peace on terms very advantageous to France. The hostilities of such a power as Algiers could not afford the slightest uneasiness to France—but, as they produce some injury to her trade, the termination of them has given much pleasure to the French merchants.

The Sybille, Br. frigate, arrived at St. Helena, Oct. 3, with forty pirates, taken out of a vessel, under Brazilian colors, 18 days previous.

The pirates had plundered several vessels a few days previous.

M. le Baron Poupart de Neuville, a celebrated manufacturer of Sedan, has failed for upwards of ten million of francs.

The Russians and Turks—Advices from the frontier of Poland, are to the 12th of November.

They speak of an extraordinary levy throughout the kingdom for the augmentation of the fifth Polish army.

The French papers say that a system of permanent peace seems to prevail to a great extent at this moment in the Netherlands. For some time the journals of that country have been chiefly filled with reports and articles relative to actions brought against the editors of journals.

A Commission will be sent from France to explore the Morea, consisting of an architect, a naturalist, and an antiquary.

The ravages of the fever at Gibraltar still continued. The latest dates are to the 11th November.

The weather had been favourable for checking the fever the last few days, and there was a decrease in the number of deaths. The Governor, Gen. Don, had been attacked on the 10th, the number in the hospital was 618—new cases of fever were daily increasing.

The Russians will continue to occupy a line beyond the Danube, from Varna to Silistra, and in that position wait for the ensuing campaign.

Bazardjik is fortifying for that purpose.

The letters from Odessa, announce the arrival of several transports with sick and wounded from the Russian army. The merchants and inhabitants were most anxious for the restoration of Peace with the Porte.

It was reported at Vienna that disorders had manifested themselves among the troops of Count Wittenstein's army; they are attributed to the heavy rains which have fallen in the countries on the Danube, and the bad quality of the provisions.

The loss of the Egyptian 74, on the 24th September, is estimated at one million of piastres, having on board 300 brass cannon, and several hundred horses from the Morea.

Extract of a letter dated Constantinople, Oct. 29.—The Grand Vizier, Mehmed Selim Pacha, accused of not having acted with all the energy necessary for delivering Varna, has been deposed and exiled to Gallipoli. His successor is the brave defender of Varna, Izet Mehemed Pacha formerly Captain Pacha, to whom have also been delivered the treasures, jewels, and equipage of the banished Vizier. Jousouf Pacha, whose treachery the Sultan considers as having chiefly contributed to the fall of Varna, has been declared as suspect, and his possessions in Macedonia confiscated to the treasury. The armaments are now continued with more activity than ever; provisions and artillery are continually leaving that for the army. Troops, chiefly cavalry, are arriving daily from Asia; they make but a short stay in the capital. Amongst them number is the famous Ischapan Oglou, one of the most powerful Boys of Antolia; he was accompanied by several thousand horsemen. Several vessels arrived last week from the Black Sea, charged by permission of the Russian Government, with victuals, grain excepted. A sum as the Porte learned this circumstance, it declared that, on its part, the rigour of the laws for the close of the Black Sea should be relaxed, and that the entrance of the Black Sea should be open to as many vessels laden with productions of the South as had entered from Russia. Several Austrian and Sardinian vessels have consequently received permits for this destination.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

The number of deaths in Philadelphia during the past week was 80 viz.—45 adults and 35 children, of which 26 were under one year of age.

The interior of a plane-maker's shop, near the junction of New and old Fourth streets, was destroyed by fire, about two o'clock on Thursday morning.

The new clock in the State House steeple, was on Tuesday put into operation, and strikes upon the large bell.

Very early navigation.—The Raritan and Delaware rivers are clear of ice, say the New York papers, and the Citizens Line have commenced running steam boats from New York to New Brunswick, and from Bristol to Philadelphia.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of Wednesday says:—We have had last night and this morning, the heaviest fall of snow ever experienced in this city.

The packet ship Louisiana, arrived at New York from New Orleans in a passage of 11 days.

Robert W. Pooler, Esq. an agent for the Governor of Georgia, has, in conformity with the subcription \$44,000 to the Stock of the Savannah, Ogeechee and Altamaha, Canal Company.

At Wilmington, N. C. in the beginning of this month, ripe plums were taken from a tree. On the 5th there was a violent thunder-storm. On the 11th, at 8 A. M. the thermometer was at 20 deg.

Mr. Colburn is said to have offered Mr. Croly 900 guineas for a continuation of Sallust.

The death in Baltimore during last week amounted to 29. Males 17 females 16.

The number of persons carrying on business in London of the name of Smith is actually five hundred and forty nine.

The losses of Drury Lane Theatre has received a new drama from the author of Paul Pry, in which Liston has a singularly eccentric character allotted to him, which is said to be written and adapted to Liston's talents with great tact.

The Report of the Directors of the Maryland Penitentiary states that the receipts of the past year, derived it would appear from the labour of the prisoners, have exceeded the whole expenses by the sum of \$9,804.

The Richmond Whig mentions, that a bill now before the Virginia Legislature, proposes to punish the burning of stacks of grain, by slaves, with death. The Editor remarks, "We take leave to express our opinion, that even as now modified, it is a sanguinary law; but we have no objection, provided a white man shall be put to death for the same offence."

A bill is under discussion in the Maryland Legislature, for the employment of slaves from the south, bringing with him fifty-two varieties of grape vine, indigenous to the United States.

The first west bounding line of the state is principally a line of the coast, and the western, and running up to the mountains.

At the Morris Canal, a determination is made that the water of the canal shall be used for a course of its course, in the immediate vicinity of the head of the river, on the Morris Canal, and the abysmal depths of the water in the Morris Canal, are said to be 100 feet.

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